

Parable of the King and the Poisoned Well

There was once a wise king who ruled over a vast kingdom - his land and people - with justice, mercy, and kindness. He was feared for his might and loved for his wisdom. The country lacked for nothing, nor did the city from where the king ruled. Now in the heart of the city, there was a communal well, renowned for its pure and crystalline waters from which the king and all the inhabitants drank.

As any ruler - just or wicked - the wise king was not without his enemies. And so, one night when all were asleep, a powerful wizard who wanted to destroy the entire kingdom, one of the king's great antagonists, entered the city in secret and poured seven drops of a magic potion into the well. Henceforth all who drink this water would go mad.

The next morning, all the people drank of the water and went mad... but not the king. The king became worried and tried to control the population by issuing a series of edicts governing security and public health. But the policemen and the inspectors, however, had also drunk the poisoned water, and they thought the king's decisions were absurd and resolved to take notice of them. When the inhabitants of the kingdom heard these decrees, they became convinced that the king had gone mad and was now giving nonsensical orders.

And the people began to say: "The king is mad and has lost his reason. Look how strangely he behaves. We cannot be ruled by a madman, so he must be dethroned." And they marched on the castle and called for his abdication.

The king grew very fearful, for his subjects were preparing to rise against him. He had a difficult choice: risk being destroyed by his beloved subjects or abdicate. In despair the king prepared to step down from the throne.

His fool offered him a golden goblet cool glass of fresh water from the poisoned well to soothe his nerves... which the king drank deeply and immediately began talking nonsense. His subjects repented at once; now that the king was displaying such 'wisdom' again, saying to each other: "Why not allow him to rule the country?"

The next day, there was great rejoicing among the people, for their beloved king had finally regained his reason. The country continued to live in peace, although its inhabitants behaved very differently from those of its neighbors. And the king was able to govern until the end of his days.

Author Unknown

"The object of life is not to be on the side of the majority, but to escape finding oneself in the ranks of the insane."

Marcus Aurelius, Meditations



Parable of the Little Bird

A little bird was enjoying a flight in the last rays of warmth before settling down into his cozy nest for the night. As he dove and swooped across the sky, he noticed a flock of birds flying as though the devil itself was on their tail-feathers.

"Hey," he called. "Where are you going?"

"We're flying south for the winter," they called over their wings. "Winter's coming and we have to go south, where it will be warm, before it gets too cold."

The little bird was puzzled. This was his first winter... and he'd never heard of such a thing before: "Why would you do that?"

"It's going to get colder and colder yet," they called back. "There will be no food! Now hurry... or you won't make it."

The little bird waved them off and considered what they'd said. He'd felt cold before in the dark of night and it wasn't really that bad, eh! He usually just nestled down further into his nest and fluffed up his feathers around him and was fine. No food! Hah - with all the others birds gone, there'd be plenty of food for him. Flying long distances was hard work and he'd fare much better staying behind! His mind was made up.

He was all right for awhile... living high on the land and enjoying himself whilest all the other birds had long ago gone south. There was plenty to eat in the dying fields and the bugs were slow moving and easy to catch because of the growing cold. He lay back in his nest, fat and happy, laughing at the silly birds who'd flown south.

One morning he was rudely awoken from a restless sleep by a freezing rain pelting down on his nest - and he wasn't very happy. It was cold... and he was shuddering in his feathers. He could not shake off the cold - and it permeated into his tiny little hollow bones. Then he realized the truth... he had to get south... and he had to get there fast. So, he took to flight, without success trying to fly above the rain clouds. The higher he got... the colder it became. Ice began forming on his wings and, as he spiraled downwards into a large field... he panicked.

The little bird hit the ground... , nearly dead, he thought it was his darkest hour. As he lay there on the frozen ground, the icy rain pelting onto him, he stared up at the grey skies and, hopeless, begged God for some help. Unbeknownst to him, he had landed smack dab in the middle of a cow pasture. An old cow found the bird laying there, shivering in the sleet and rain, and felt sorry for it... but what could it do to help the poor little bird? after all... it was only a cow, eh!

The old cow turned as if to leave... and pooped some hot, steaming dung on him (and continued on its way).

"Fine..." thought the little bird. "Why not add insult to my misery." But, as the frozen bird lay there in the pile of cow dung, he began to realize - much to his surprise - how warm he was - it was a miracle. The dung was actually thawing him out! He lay there all warm and happy, and soon began to sing for joy: "O happy day! O happy day!"

Not far off was a barn... and in side it was an old tomcat, curled up in the hay, dreaming of spring when the birds wouldst return... and he'd have bloody-hot fresh meat again instead of dry food, which is all he got to eat having killed all the mice and rats on the farm long ago.

Suddenly, his ears pricked... and his head shot up: "What? could it be?"

Curious, the cat padded out of the barn, cocking his head to listen to the bird singing. Evidently, some bird had not flown south... and, following the sound, the cat discovered it under the pile of cow dung. "Psst..." he said, "little bird, what are you doing inside of that cowpie?"

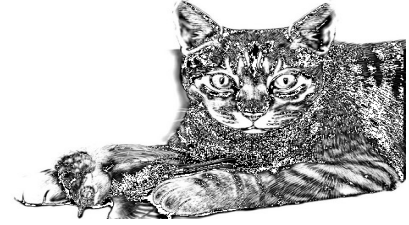
The little bird laughed, "I was dying here in the icy rain and an old cow shat on me... saving my life. Its amazing."

"Wow, that's absolutely amazing all right," replied the cat, purring. "But I can't help but notice how you're all covered in shit now. Can I help... let me pull you out and clean you up a bit? then you can really enjoy your new lease on life!"

The little bird was jubilant. Not only had he been saved from the jaws of death in a most unexpected way... but now he was to be helped again by this most unlikely source. He haply let the cat reach out a paw and promptly picked him out of the cow-plop... delicately brushing the stinky poo off of it... and after the little bird had been perfectly cleaned... and ate him.

Morals of the story:

- 1) Don't discount experienced advice *of people who care about your success in life.*
- 2) Don't procrastinate. He who hesitates is lost.
- 3) Not everyone who shits on you is your enemy.
- 4) Not everyone who gets you out of shit is your friend.
- 5) And when you're warm and happy in a deep pile of shit...it's best to keep your mouth shut!



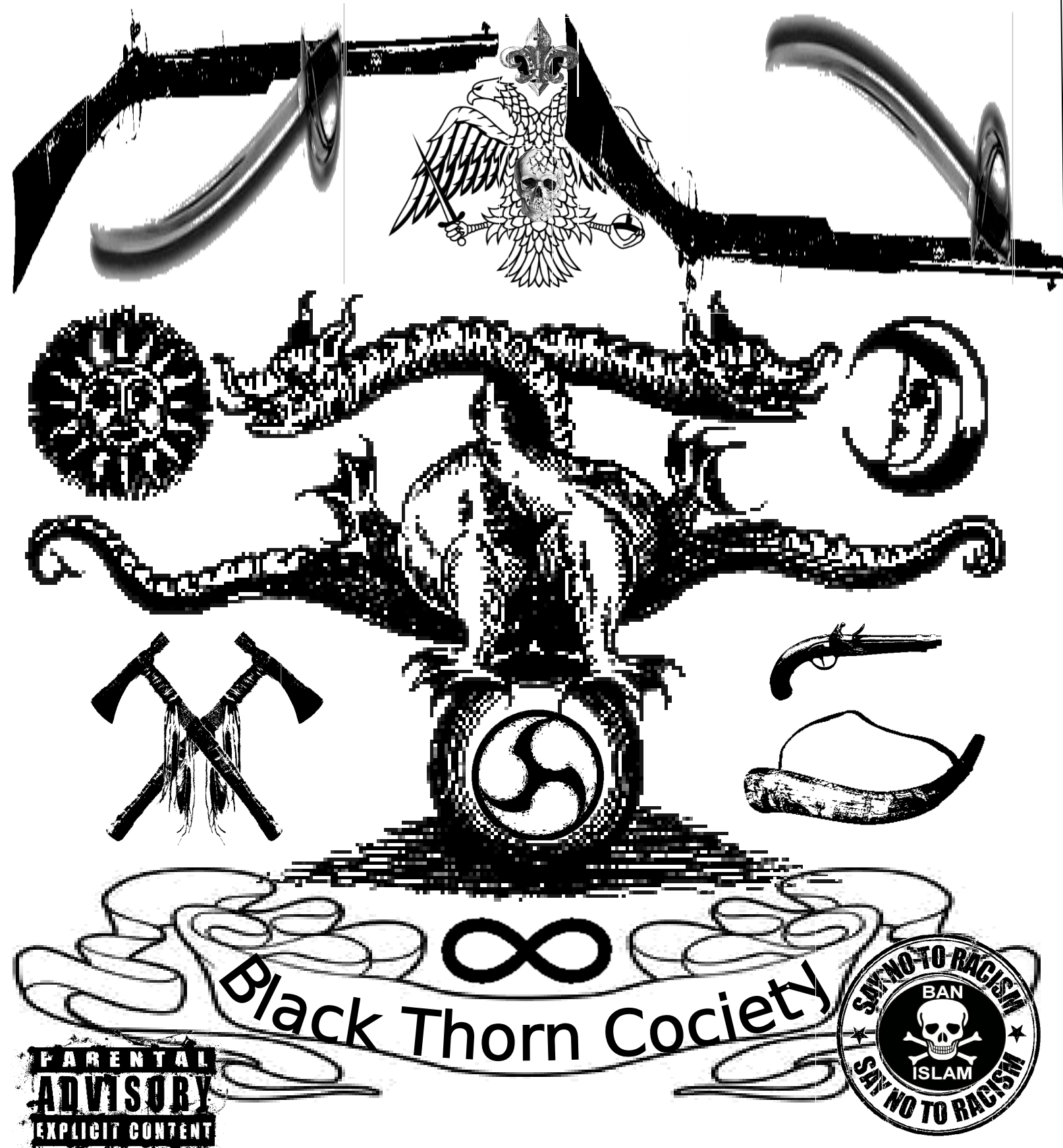
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OH I'M TELLING YOU PEOPLE, THERE'S GONNA BE HELL TO PAY...

WHEN THE NIGGERS TAKE OVER AMERICA!



LET'S FACE IT, HE'S RIGHT... THE WHITE MAN HAS LOST HIS FIGHTING SPIRIT!

BUT DIS FUS' LADY SHE A FAWN PIECE A WHITE THALE PUSSY! GIT DOWN ON IT, BITCH! HAW HAW HAW HEE HEE.

BLAM!

BLUD

ARE YOU AFRAID OF YOUNG BLACK MEN?? YOU OUGHTA BE... THEY HATE YOUR WHITE GUTS!



THEN YOU GOT THESE OTHER SCUMBAG ELEMENTS TRYING TO TAKE OVER THE COUNTRY... YOU GOT YOUR MAFIOSO-COSA NOSTRA BOOMBAH-GREASEBALL CRIME SYNDICATE MUSCLING AND TERRORIZING THEIR WAY TO THE TOP...

LISTEN, MR. BIG SHOT SENATOR, I THOUGHT I TOL' YOU YA SHITCAN THIS PAYOLA INVESTIGATION THING... YOU TRYIN' A' MAKE ME LOOK LIKE AN ASSHOLE, OR WHAT?!!

THAT'S ALL "MADE THEIR BONES"

THESE THINGS TAKE TIME, PAULIE! COUPLE MORE MONTHS, I'LL GET IT UNDER CONTROL...

THAT'S A PROMISE!

JAB



YOU GOT YOUR LATINOS AND YOUR ASIANS MOVING IN HERE BY THE MILLIONS AND MULTIPLYING SO FAST THEY'LL TAKE OVER THE COUNTRY BY THE SHEER WEIGHT OF THEIR NUMBERS! LIFE WON'T BE WORTH LIVING IN A LAND OVERCROWDED WITH HORDES OF PEOPLE WHO NEVER HAD A GRASP OF THE CONCEPT OF INDIVIDUAL FREEDOM TO BEGIN WITH!



IS AMERICA NO LONGER TO BE A NATION OPERATING ON THE PRINCIPLES LAID DOWN BY THE WHITE ANGLO-SAXON CHRISTIANS WHO FOUNDED A GREAT CIVILIZATION HERE IN THE NEW WORLD??

THIS TIME, BY GOD, WE'LL MAKE IT WORK!!

"THE RIGHT TO KEEP AND BEAR ARMS..."

SOUNDS REASONABLE ENOUGH...

PUT IT IN...



IF THE WHOLE THING'S GONNA GO DOWN THE TOILET ANYWAY, THERE'S ONE THING, ONE POWER THAT'S STILL IN THE HANDS OF THE WHITE MAN—ONE CHOICE, ONE GREAT ACT OF WILL WE CAN STILL MAKE...

OH NO! NOT THAT! SURELY NOT THAT!

YES—THAT!

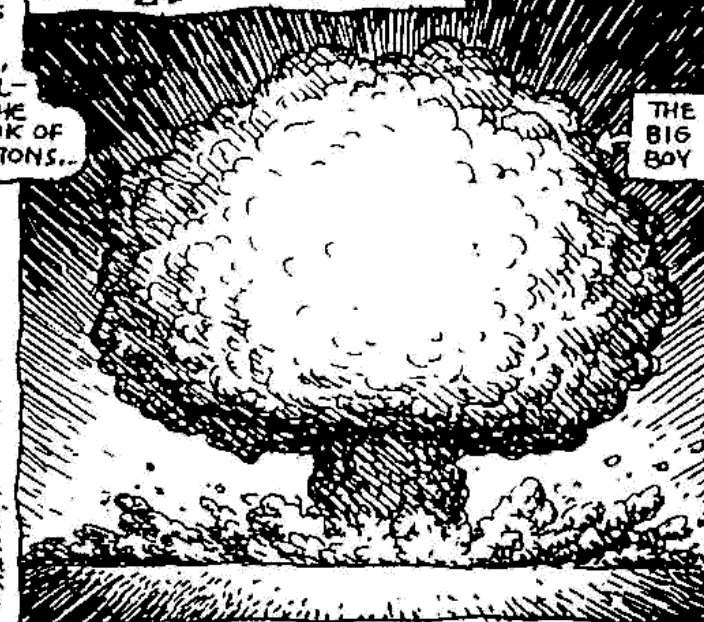


AS WE BUILT THE GREATEST CIVILIZATION EVER SEEN ON THIS EARTH, SO IT IS OUR RIGHT, PERHAPS OUR **DESTINY**, TO TAKE IT AWAY, TO DESTROY IT UTTERLY.... STEEL YOURSELVES, WHITE MEN, FOR THIS GREAT MISSION THAT IS NOW AT HAND!

WITH FAITH, HOPE, AND LOVE, WE GIVE TO THIS NATION AND THE WORLD, THE FULFILLMENT OF THE HOLY BOOK OF REVELATIONS...



THE APOCALYPSE!!



THE BIG BOY

OUR DEAR LORD JESUS CHRIST AWAITS US WITH OPEN ARMS ON THE OTHER SIDE. AMEN!

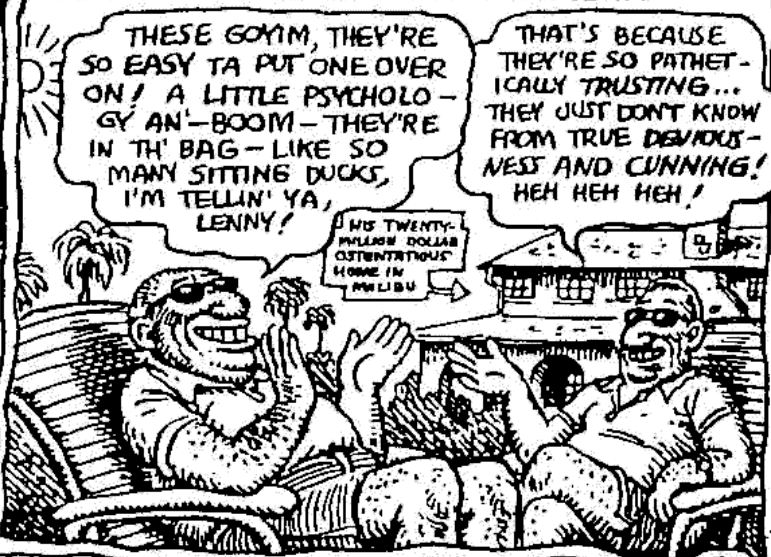
PEAGAN, BUSH, CLINTON—THEY'RE ALL JUST PUP-
PETS CONTROLLED BY THIS JEWISH-OPERATED
FINANCIAL AND MEDIA EMPIRE!



DON'T WORRY,
FOLKS...WE'LL GET
THIS MESS
STRAIGHTENED
OUT SOME-
HOW!

GOSH, I
HOPE THIS
ONE'S TEL-
LING US
THE TRUTH,
FOR ONCE...

THE JEW HAS NOTHING BUT UTTER CONTEMPT
FOR ALL NON-JEWS, WHO ARE AUTOMATICALLY
CONSIDERED OF LESSER INTELLIGENCE...



THESE GOYIM, THEY'RE
SO EASY TA PUT ONE OVER
ON! A LITTLE PSYCHOLO-
GY AN'-BOOM- THEY'RE
IN TH' BAG- LIKE SO
MANY SITTING DUCKS,
I'M TELLIN' YA,
LENNY!

THAT'S BECAUSE
THEY'RE SO PATHET-
ICALLY TRUSTING...
THEY JUST DON'T KNOW
FROM TRUE DEVIOUS-
NESS AND CUNNING!
HEH HEH HEH!

HIS TWENTY-
MILLION DOLLAR
OSTENTATIOUS
HOME IN
PALIBU

THEY ESPECIALLY DESPISE AND FEAR THE
ANGLO-TEUTONIC PEOPLES, WHO'S MERE PHYS-
ICAL PRESENCE MAKES THE JEW FEEL SOME-
HOW...DEFECTIVE...



IT'S A
BEAUTIFUL
DAY, ISN'T
IT, TIF?

OH!! HEALTHY,
WELL-ADJUSTED
GOYISH & IN-
MUMBLE GRUMBLE
SWARL...

HE
CREEPS
ALONG
THE
WALL

BECAUSE OF THIS THE JEW IS OBSESSED WITH A
A SINISTER COMPULSION TO UNDERMINE ALL THE
POSITIVE VIRTUES OF WHITE CHRISTIAN CULTURE, AND TO
TURN THIS WEAKENING OF CHRISTIAN RECTITUDE TO HIS
OWN ADVANTAGE!

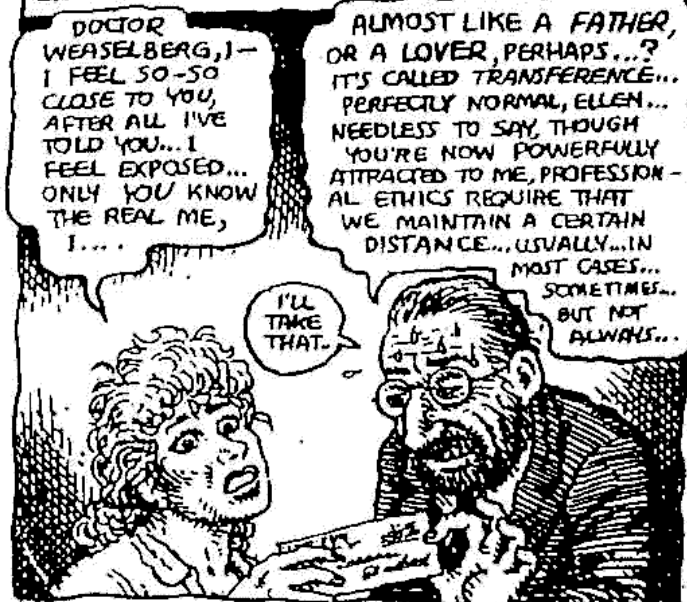


THIS NEED FOR ORDER
AND PURITANKAL SEXUAL
SELF-CONTROL IS ALL PART
OF A PATHOLOGICAL CON-
DITIONING CAUSED BY
OVER-ZEALOUS TOILET
TRAINING AND OTHER
REPRESSIVE, AUTHORI-
TARIAN TRADITIONS
INHERENT IN
NORTHERN-EURO-
PEAN, CHRISTIAN
CIVILIZATION...
IT'S ALL ALOT
OF MENTAL
GOBBIGE YOU
NEED TO GET
-RID OF...

OH
DOCTOR, I-
I'M SO
MESSED
UP-I-

YOU'RE
HOUR'S UP..
THAT'S
EIGHTY BUCKS.
CASH, CHECK
OR CREDIT
CARD?

HE SEEKS WEALTH AND POWER SO THAT
HE CAN WREAK HIS REVENGE ON THESE GEN-
ETICALLY SUPERIOR PEOPLE....



DOCTOR
WEASELBERG, I-
I FEEL SO-SO
CLOSE TO YOU,
AFTER ALL I'VE
TOLD YOU... I
FEEL EXPOSED...
ONLY YOU KNOW
THE REAL ME,
I...

ALMOST LIKE A FATHER,
OR A LOVER, PERHAPS...?
IT'S CALLED TRANSFERENCE...
PERFECTLY NORMAL, ELLEN...
NEEDLESS TO SAY, THOUGH
YOU'RE NOW POWERFULLY
ATTRACTED TO ME, PROFESSION-
AL ETHICS REQUIRE THAT
WE MAINTAIN A CERTAIN
DISTANCE... USUALLY...IN
MOST CASES... SOMETIMES...
BUT NOT ALWAYS...

I'LL
TAKE
THAT.

AND HE FINDS THE GREATEST THRILL OF ALL, THE
ULTIMATE TRIUMPH, IN DEFLING ONLY THE CHOIC-
EST, PRISTINE, BLONDE CHRISTIAN GIRLS HE CAN
"SHUTUP" WITH HIS SLIMY "PUTZ" (WELL, THE SECOND BIG-
GEST THRILL, ANYWAY—AFTER PILING UP MILLIONS OF \$\$\$\$)



OH BUT IN MY
SUBCONSCIOUS I'M
JUST A NIGGER
WHORE—AN ANI-
MAL! GO AHEAD,
DO YOUR
WORST.
AHNN...
NYAGH

WELL, ALL RIGHT, ELLEN...!
TOO, MUST ADMIT TO THESE
ANIMAL
URGES...

HYAH!! THIS
PERFECT SHINKA
IS GIVING HER-
SELF TO ME! A VILE
LOATHSOME
JEW!!
HYAAHN.

PANT
WHEEZE
GASP

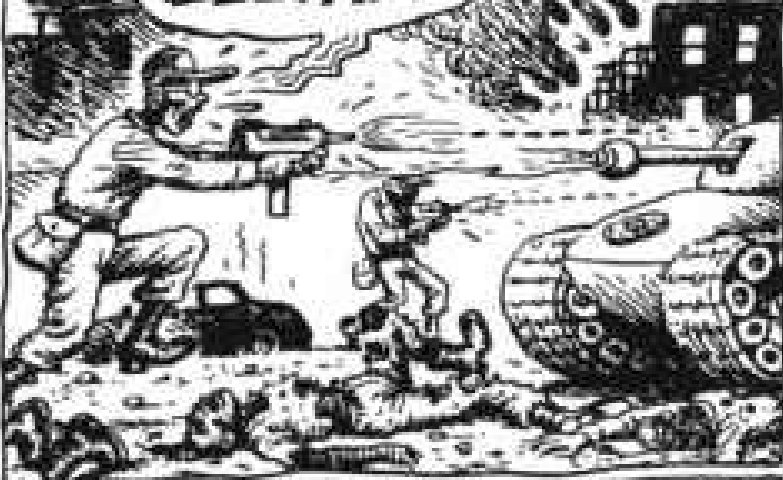
ONCE THESE YOUNG "SPEAR-CHUCKERS" GET THEIR MILITARY DISCIPLINE OAPS TOGETHER WE'RE IN **BIG TROUBLE!!**

EXPERIMENTAL AREA IN ADVANCED WEAPONRY DISTRICT OF L.A. CITY

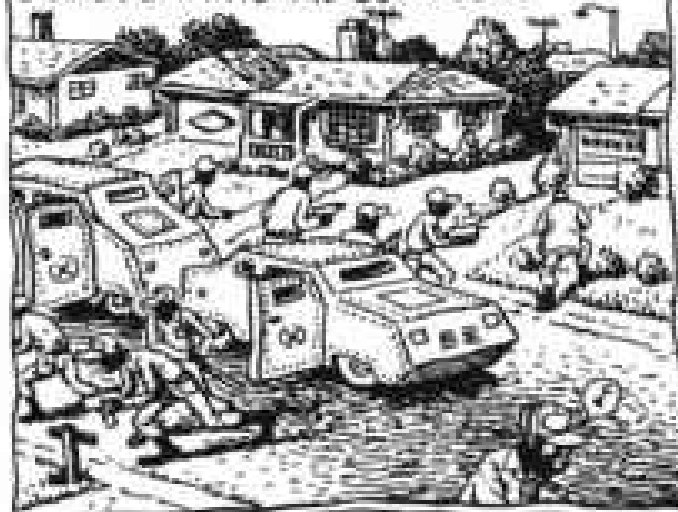


IT'S GONNA BE A REAL **BLOOD BATH!** PLENTY OF "SHYOGGIES" WILL BE KILLED BUT THAT'LL ONLY MAKE THEM Madder AND SMARTER...

EEEEYAAH



FIRST THEY'LL TAKE CONTROL OF THE ROTTED INNER CITIES. FROM THERE THEY'LL BRANCH OUT INTO THE SUBURBS...



WITH NOBODY LEFT TO STOP THEM THESE PRIMITIVE SAVAGES WILL GO ON A KILLING SPREE THE LINES OF WHICH THIS COUNTRY'S NEVER SEEN!!

EEEK

HALT!

WE HERE TO MAKE A INSPECTION OF HIS SECTOR!

MOMMY!



OH, THEY'LL HAVE THEMSELVES A BALL KILLING WHITE, MIDDLE-CLASS PEOPLE... THIS IS THE CHANCE THESE "SPLIBS" HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR...



WHAT'S GOING ON HERE—
AWP!

FUCK YOU, RACIST MURDER-FUCKER!

GLHH!

HEY, NICE TITTIZ!

THEY'LL QUICKLY KILL ANY WHITE MAN WHO RESISTS THEM, AND OF COURSE, DEAR TO THE HEART OF EVERY "JIGABOO" IS THE BURNING DESIRE TO RAPE AND MUTILATE WHITE WOMEN!



HEY WOMMY, DAS YI THIRD WHITE BITCH TODAY... HOW 'BOUT SAYIN' ONE FO ME NEX TRIM!

EEEE—

LEAVE SHIT DIS ONE UP FUS, DEN WE KIN DISCUSS...

CRUNCH!

SINCE 'NIGGS' POSSESS ONLY THE MOST RUDIMENTARY GRASP OF POLITICS, THE COUNTRY WILL BREAK DOWN INTO A PATCHWORK OF GANG TERRITORIES, EACH RUN BY ITS OWN STRONGMAN OR CHIEFTAIN.



THERE WILL BE CONTINUOUS CONFLICT BETWEEN THESE PETTY WARLORDS, A CONDITION LIKE THAT OF MEDIEVAL EUROPE. THE "COONS" WILL ENJOY THIS STATE OF AFFAIRS, AS THEY STILL HAVE NOT EVOLVED BEYOND A GREAT LOVE OF VIOLENCE AND MAYHEM.



ESPECIALLY GRATIFYING TO THE "SPOOKS" WILL BE THE TURNABOUT SITUATION IN WHICH THE WHITE RACE WILL NOW BE THE SLAVES, TOILING IN THE FIELDS AND PERFORMING ALL HARD MANUAL LABOR, OF WHICH THERE'LL BE PLENTY, AS MODERN COMPLEX TECHNOLOGIES RAPIDLY DISAPPEAR.



AND DON'T KID YOURSELVES, THEY'LL SHOW US NO MERCY! THEY'LL RELISH EVERY OPPORTUNITY TO TREAT US WITH THE UTMOST SEVERITY. THE SLIGHTEST INFRACTION WILL BE MET WITH CRUEL PUNISHMENT! THINK I'M KIDDING? YOU JUST WAIT!!



